

The Mirror

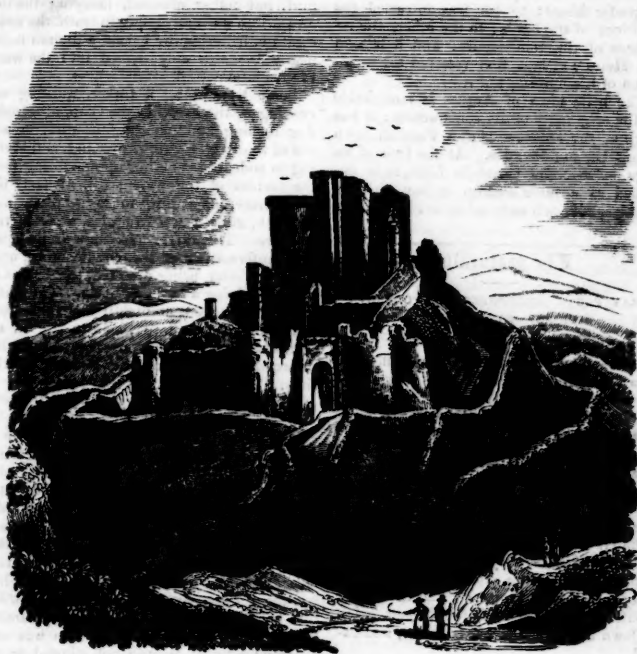
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 759.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



ARQUES CASTLE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

THESE picturesque ruins stand at Arques, a small town of France, in the department of the Lower Seine. It was here the truly great Henri IV. gained a complete victory over the Duke of Mayenne, General of the League, in 1589. The town stands on a river of the same name, four miles south-east of Dieppe; rendered also remarkable by the embarkation of William the Conqueror for England; after which period it rose to be one of the principal maritime towns in France.

It is not easy to determine when Arques Castle was built; but we have the authority of Flodoard, who says, in 944 it was a military post. From the highest point of the ruins may be seen the manor of Gosselin, the inheritance of Matilda, the last descendant of the illustrious house of William of Tankerville.

VOL. XXVII.

D

Philip Augustus entered these ramparts as victor during the captivity of Richard Cœur de Lion; and the year had not passed when he came to lay siege to the town. The peace of 1196 restored him this important fortress. Philip besieged it in his turn in 1202, when the news of the defeat and capture of the unfortunate Arthur recalled him to Tourrain. With other possessions in Normandy, it was given up to this warlike king; but, by the destiny of war, it fell again into the hands of the English in 1419. By the skill of Warwick and Talbot, (alluded to by Shakspeare,) it did not return to the French till 1449, at the taking of Rouen.

The site of the castle is well fitted for the seat of war, abounding, as it does, with glens suitable for ambuscades, and placed on the conflux of three great rivers, the Varenne, Be-

759

Vol. XXVII. - 481.

thune or Arques, and l'Helna or Eldona; on the north-east, it is bounded by the ocean, and opposite are the valley or plains of Arques, once entirely laid waste in revenge by Baudouin, Count of Flanders.

The Castle of Arques was twice conquered by poetic kings: to one was intrusted the traditions of the bards; to the other, the romances of the troubadours: and it is said that Henri IV. here first received the inspiration of his muse.

The little town of Arques is remarkable for the originality of its construction; it has much of the appearance of a Flemish town during the middle ages. At the time of its siege by Richard Cœur de Lion, it is described as a mere swamp or bay, the sea having made such encroachments upon it.

M. P.

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS, ANECDOTES, AND OBSERVATIONS.—BY M. L. B.*

Attachment of a Horse.

A GENTLEMAN, (the member of a family well known to him, who detailed this anecdote to the writer,) was exceedingly fond of field-sports, and rode for many years a favourite hunter, literally up to the hour of his death; since, when out coursing one day, he fell from the animal's back dead to the ground, in an apoplectic fit. His fellow sportsmen, who were beating about the field at some little distance, seeing Major A—— fall, immediately rode up to his assistance; when, with astonishment, they beheld his favourite steed, after neighing expressively, galloping two or three times round him, and exhibiting incontestable symptoms of the deepest grief, lay down beside his beloved master, and expired!

Dogs

in India, we are told, if not native, but European, lose their voice, or, at least, never give note in hunting, after the first year. Greyhounds are exceedingly valued, because the second year of their residence in such a climate is sure to kill them; so that, though often imported, they are always rare.

A dog, having been chained up one day, contrary to his inclination, exhibited strong symptoms of ill-humour; and, getting loose in the night, he ran into his master's poultry yard, where, never having touched a fowl before, he destroyed fourteen chickens. This was in mere vengeance, for he did not eat, but hid up, his mangled victims; which being found, the fact was proved against him, and his life expiated the ferocious deed.

Some young lads recently bathing, in the vicinity of London, a friend of the writer happened to pass the spot with a large, hand-

some dog of the Mont St. Bernard breed. The animal seemed to watch with much anxiety the boys in the water, and when he saw one dive down beneath it, in he plunged, seized him gently by the leg, and drew him to the shore. The lad was not in the least hurt, but rather alarmed, fancying the dog meant him an injury; but, in truth, the noble creature, believing he beheld a human being nearly drowned, only rushed into the water to save him.

Some time since, a tinker, walking one evening by the banks of the Cam, observed a dog rushing and plunging frantically in and out of the river, barking, growling, and seeming to endeavour to bring up something from the bottom of the water; till, at last, the poor brute, appearing to lose breath and strength, after a few struggles, sank to rise no more. The tinker took note of the spot, gave information of the circumstance, and, upon the river being dragged, the bodies of a man and dog were brought up. The faithful and courageous animal, it was thus made evident, had sacrificed his own life in an ineffectual attempt to draw the body of his drowned master from the bottom of the river.

Cats.

The following habits were peculiar to a cat belonging to a friend, a young gentleman:

—Of a most affectionate disposition, she would, when he was from home, be shy and absent, seldom indeed troubling the family with her presence; but Master R.'s return from school was always the signal for the re-appearance of puss; she met him in the hall, and would scratch every morning at his bed-room door, for admission to play with him before he was up. When the family had fish for dinner, the cat, who was extremely fond of it, though not allowed to be fed in the parlour, always followed the dish into the dining-room, sat and watched its disappearance with great anxiety, and then quietly followed the remnants out again. Canaries were kept, and puss, though fond of eating birds, was the faithful guardian of these pets, never suffering any other cats, or animals, to approach their cages.

In well-treated cats, we have often observed this trait:—A poor woman residing at Abington, near Cambridge, had a couple of pretty cats, (and, by the way, how beautiful, in general, are cottagers' cats!) who were great pets of her only son, fed by him constantly, and played with every day. The lad died, the cats missed their friend, and uttered for him wallings lamentable to hear. For weeks after his loss, they laid before the fire, screaming and moaning most pitifully; they scarcely stirred from their places, refused food, became perfect skeletons, and one of them, which had kittens, could not be brought

* Continued from Mirror, vol. xxiii., p. 107.

to take the slightest notice of her offspring. When our informant saw them, they appeared to be in a deep decline, and about to follow their beloved master and associate to the grave.

A friend told us, that a cat in a family of her acquaintance, had such a particular antipathy to the man-servant, that when he laid the table for dinner, she has been seen to jump upon it, push off every thing, and scratch the cloth down.

A cat in Dublin, whom her mistress wished to get rid of without killing, was taken one dark night in a bag, and put down in a distant part of the city, or its suburbs; but next day puss made her appearance again at home, and though the experiment was twice or thrice repeated, she always returned.

Another cat, given to a friend, thrice returned to her old home; though the distance was sixteen miles between that and her new one, and a broad river, and some smaller streams, lay across the country through which she had to travel.

Being recently in a boat upon the Thames, we observed a beautiful, white cat come from the house of one of the keepers of those locks, which may not inaptly be denominated river-turnpikes,—steal down the bank, and watch intently the subsiding of the waters in the loch: when they sink, they generally leave a few small fish behind them at the edge of the bank; for these the sagacious cat had come, and in spite of wet feet, and antipathy to the water, made capture of her silvery, slippery prey.

Burmese Cats.

When the British troops entered the dominions of the "Golden Foot," they were struck by what they believed to be the cruelty, or superstition, of the natives of Burmah, in docking the tails of their cats to within an inch and a half of the root, and splitting them at the tip: perhaps it was a religious ceremony, they thought; or, perhaps, poor puss might pass with them, as with some other and more civilized nations, as a sort of fiend, and this cutting and maiming might be a charm to restrain her powers of evil. But, that it was solely the work of Dame Nature, was, after about two months' ignorant speculation, discovered; when, one day, some soldiers found a cat's lair in the woods, with a litter of kittens, all with short tails, split at the tips: nor does this peculiarity solely pertain to the Burmese cats,—those of Malabar and Siam are also thus distinguished.

Note:—Perhaps no animal of the same kind varies more than the cat of different countries. We are sensible of this in the Persian, French, and wild cats, &c., which are common in England; but the cat of the Asiatic continent often more resembles a fox than our well-known domestic friend.

A Tame Jackal.

An officer in India brought up a young jackal, which he so far succeeded in taming, that it would fetch and carry like a dog; otherwise, it was a wild, fierce, and beautiful creature, a great thief, and a dangerous companion.

A friend and his lady, with their young child, went to visit B—, and the jackal was, as usual, fastened up for the night; but, lo! in the midst of it, a loud cry was heard from the nurse; the jackal had got loose, and carried off the unfortunate infant from its cot; instant pursuit, however, being made, the animal dropped the child, which was found unharmed, outside the house, and the brute, when caught, was more securely caged. It was supposed, that as the poor infant was suffering under some complaint which made the application of a poultice necessary, the jackal had been attracted to it by the smell of the bread and milk; and to a miracle of Providence only, could thus be attributed its safety.

This jackal used to jump upon the breakfast and dinner table, and carry off whatever bread and meat he could steal undetected; but when his master's stores were inaccessible, he made light of pillaging loaves of bread and legs of mutton from the other officers. B— had a little dog, Vixen, who was always very bitter against the jackal, but the creature being more than a match for her, he wished to train Victim, a large, fierce dog, to keep his strange pet in order. Victim, however, hung back from his duty, at first, as was supposed, from cowardice, but it was afterwards discovered, from a motive even less worthy; for the jackal was seen to share with him all his stolen dainties. In spite of its peccadillos, this jackal was very faithful and affectionate to his master, and followed him, like a dog, wherever he went, or rather, ran by his side at the distance of a few feet.

Curious Phenomenon.

The following we give on the authority of a young, naval officer, who witnessed the circumstance:—The vessel in which this gentleman, and a large crew and company, were sailing, was in the midst of the Atlantic, and the wind was blowing rather stiffly, when suddenly, they were not less astonished than alarmed, to behold astern, driving forwards with fearful rapidity, not a stormy swell of the sea, but an immense mountain of water, far higher than the main-mast, of proportionable bulk, and inconceivably majestic and terrible:—"Every body on board," said Lieutenant P— "rushed on deck, to behold this terrible phenomenon; the ship was instantly put out of her course to avoid being overwhelmed; and this unaccountable mountain of water, which was, at least, 300 feet high, and looked as if many square

leagues of ocean had been gathered up, as of old, into a wall, swept harmlessly past us, and pursued its onward course, apparently unbroken, and without diminution, till we lost sight of it in the distance."

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

BARNABY PALMS: THE MAN WHO "FELT HIS WAY."

First Chapter.

THAT philosopher was an ass, who, trembling at the peril inherited with his eyes, resolved to avoid all mischief by pulling them out. We know, that in this narrow, gloomy passage, called the world, eyes are, so to speak, edged tools—hurting the wearer. We know that, deceived by them, we often shake and wonder at a stalking giant, when, in truth, the Polyphemus is only a swaggering mountebank on wooden stilts,—and doff our caps to a glistening glory, which, stript of its outside, is more loathsome than an ape. On the other hand, how many, with a wise tyranny, use their eyes as the meanest vassals, never suffering them to play truant in the summer clouds—to hang on summer flowers—to lose their time with unprofitable exhalations, or to try to spell the mystery of the stars! No; prudently disciplined, the ocular servants help their masters to dress and to undress—to save them from posts and pillars when abroad—to eat their meat, and to take especial care that no shilling be a counterfeit. Alas! though the best philosophers lack such wisdom, Barnaby Palms was endowed with it to fulness. Locke has said, that two men looking at a rainbow, do not, indeed, see the same rainbow. (Two men, looking at one guinea, are, we conceive, quite in another position.) Now, Barnaby never thought of trusting his eyes but with the lowest duties, instinctively keeping them from all delicate embarrassments. In the petty, menial wants of life, Barnaby might employ his eyes; in the momentous concerns of this world, he winked, and securely—felt his way.

At the green age of eighteen, Barnaby possessed the ripe fruit of two score. But the truth is, Barnaby had never been a child. In the nurse's arms, he was a very manikin, showing an extraordinary precocity in his choice of the ripest apple and the biggest cake. Left as a legacy to an only uncle, the boy flourished after his "own sweet will," unchecked and unassisted save by the scantily paid attentions of a well-meaning pedagogue, vegetating in a hamlet some six miles from the Kentish coast. Poor Joshua! he might have learned of his scholar—might have sucked worldly wisdom even from the suckling. We repeat it: at eighteen, Barnaby was a match for grey hairs.

Barnaby had a deep respect for his uncle; in fact, so deep, it all but sank to fear. Thus our hero spared no pains to feel his way to the heart of his relation, who, be it understood, enjoyed the reputation of a wealthy man,—albeit, old inhabitants of the town would sometimes marvel how his wealth had been acquired. Palms, senior, dwelt in a huge, dilapidated mansion within gunshot of the sea; his household consisting of an old man and his daughter, a pretty, gay-hearted lass of eighteen. Old Palms was seated in his oak-parlour, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of white brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in trim, travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as readily as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world, he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life. In a few hours, and he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs. Nokes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by the approaching event—that he felt some old twitchings at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscot, with its every wormhole familiar to him—that a something rose to his throat, as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale—at that sea which had sung his early lullabies—that his heart, like the ocean-shell, still responded to the sound. It is reasonable to believe, though we cannot substantiate the fact, that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain: Barnaby looked with the eyes of a devotee towards a small, leathern bag, lying on the table at the right hand of his uncle; and Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who—the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed—entered with a dozen eggs.

Now, Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red as any pippin,—eyes blue as heaven,—and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, sweet as a honeycomb. Nevertheless, had Patience been some smoke-dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with looks less charitable. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering, "glad he's going." Barnaby looked at his uncle's fingers, and then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

"Come, eat, Barney, eat. Ye'll have a cold ride to London: the north wind's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?"

"Doat on 'em, uncle," cried Barnaby aroused, like Shylock, from "a dream of

money-bags."—The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to like every thing: on that occasion, he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility.—"Quite a weasel at eggs, uncle," continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now, it so happened, that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy—of his indifference to petty annoyance—sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger—his uncle applying the same instruments to his own nose.

"Out with it, Barney!"—Barney smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon.—"Zounds!" cried old Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his nephew—"Zounds! nephew—why—ha, ha!—you'll never eat?"

Barnaby, mistaking the humour of his uncle, nodded knowingly.

"You will! I tell you 'tis a musty egg—a bad egg—pah! the egg stinks!"

Barnaby looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, "I don't care for eggs *over-fresh*."

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye—an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy, and then uttered a long "hem!" at the same time stretching his hand to the money-bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heart-strings of Barnaby, whilst, from the corner of his eye, he watched his uncle slowly untie the strip of knotted leather which "compressed the god within." The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose to his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in "the presence."

"Barney," said old Palms, and reverently laid his hand upon the gold,—*"Barney, my child! you see the little hoard I've set apart for you."*—The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eyes, and his ears rang with music.—*"You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother. For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barney, I trembled for the softness of your heart—the simplicity of your nature."*—Here Barney felt almost in peril of tears.—*"Yes, Barney, these were my weak anxieties, my foolish fears."*—Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation, not a word was spoken. Bar-

ney, scarcely venturing to breathe, stood with his head bent on his breast, and one eye on the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold—the voice of Barney's fortune, was alone audible; and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied.—*"Barney, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength—in wisdom."*

"I, uncle!" cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time—struck by the manner of Palms—breaking into a profuse sweat.—*"I strong! I wise! Oh, uncle!"*

"Come, Barney, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we've a hundred guineas in this little bag; what then? to a lad of your wit they're of little worth. You'll never miss 'em. Now, here," and Palms slid the coin along the table, "here are five guineas."

"Five! uncle!"

"Five! The reward of your skill—of the skill you have shown this morning."

"Five guineas! skill! uncle!"

"Never doubt it, Barney; take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working world, cares not for his eggs '*over-fresh*,' will in the end, flourish as well though he begin with five guineas, as with five thousand."

The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless, received the eulogy with a sulkiness worthy of the great cynic. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls, he could not have looked more blank and frozen; could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder; Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way: now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas.

[The two succeeding chapters relate Barnaby's experiences in London—his failure to oust one of the partners of the house in which he was located—and his repulse by the Widow Blond, of Bishopsgate Without.]

Last Chapter.

In the foregoing Chapters, we have confined ourself to two great disappointments of our hero, who, however, as he felt his way through life, had manifold small successes. It is true that Fortune, when she promised most, had shown herself most fickle; yet had she rewarded Barney with a thousand gifts. Thus, ere he had completed his three-and-fortieth year, Barney had "land and beeves." His miraculous sense of touch,

like that of Midas, had turned some of the dirtiest matters into gold.

"A broken heart, Mr. Palms! you don't believe in any such nonsense?"

In truth, Barney was not so weak; since he felt himself a reasoning creature he had ever doubted that much-talked-of phenomenon; moreover, a recent visit to the museum at Surgeons' Hall had confirmed him in his unbelief; he had seen, to the best of his memory, no such preparation. Hence, he had used the words "a broken heart," as, we trust, a pardonable figure of speech.—"To be sure not, Mr. Fitch, to be sure not. All I meant to say was, that if Louisa—"

"You are a steady, sober man, Mr. Palms—what is more, you have an excellent business. Louisa wants a husband—you want a wife—I consent to the match—you don't object to it—then what more need be said about the matter?"

The speaker who was thus smoothing Barney's walk to the church, was, in the course of events, soon destined to go thither himself; certain it is, he looked affianced to the undertaker.—"A broken heart! ha! ha!" and the old, white-haired gentleman crowed like a cock at the extravagance.

Barney smiled an instant approval of the old man's merriment, and then, looking becomingly grave, observed,—"*And—and your fortune, Mr. Fitch?*"

"Every penny yours—every penny, when—I die," and Mr. Fitch straightened his back, and shook his head, and winked his eye, as though he had spoken of the Greek Kalends, or the coming millennium. Death himself, though about to strike, must have been tickled at the gay self-assurance of brave fourscore.

"And the day,—the happy day, Mr. Fitch?"

"Humph! the day? say Thursday, Barney—yes, Thursday. We'll keep the wedding at—at my friend Clay's house—the Fox and Goose at Stepney."

Now, Barney, since his affair with the Widow Blond, was become less confident of his sorcery over the gentle sex; and had thus, with the wisdom which haunted him through life, felt his way to the affections of Louisa through the medium of her grandfather. Sure we are, that Barney, in all he had said or looked at his bride, had never transgressed the bounds of the coldest-drawn civility. Louisa having no relative, no friend in the world, save her grandsire, was, naturally enough, in the opinion of the venerable man, wholly and unreservedly at his disposal. Having reared her from childhood, he looked upon her as so much live timber, to be carved into any image, after the fancy of the planter. She might, indeed, we must say she did—venture some remonstrance; but, surely, fourscore better knew what was fitter for eighteen, than witless eighteen itself.

In a word, Louisa Fitch was to marry Barnaby Palms; the bride had received her orders from her rich grandfather, and Thursday was the day appointed.

At length, Barney approached the haven of his hopes. He had felt his way to more than easy competence; he had now within a hair's breadth of his fingers, a rich, a youthful, and not an unhandsome bride; though, in the main affairs of life, Barney shut his eyes to what is vulgarly called and paid for, in some sort of coin—beauty. Blind to outward bloom—he acknowledged virtue by the touch; and Louisa, on the death of her reverend grandsire, was to have ten thousand pounds. In the ears of Barney, the guineas were already ringing on the old man's tombstone!

Thursday came. We will not dwell upon the emotions of the bride; such trifling—the more as it was unconcerned by our hero—accords not with the gravity of our theme—with the deep lesson that we hope to teach. Old Mr. Fitch and some half-dozen friends were present, all gaiety and smiles; Barney was in his best; and Louisa was duly shrouded in white. The ceremony was concluded—Barney was married; placing the marble hand of his bride under his arm, he quitted the church.

Up to this moment, old Mr. Fitch was gay and chirruping; whilst his benevolent tyranny was in course of execution, he was in the highest spirits. The knot, however, was no sooner tied, than—possibly from excess of joy—the old man turned ghastly pale. He was led from the church; but, ere he could gain the carriage at the gate, was compelled to rest himself; he sat upon a grave—and Barney approaching, looked at him, with an eye of anticipation. With some assistance, Mr. Fitch was placed in the coach; the party proceeded to the inn, and—the grandfather quickly rallying—there were high hopes of festive dinner. Vain are all earthly promises! Just as the first course was laid, the old man relapsed—was carried to bed—and, in three hours, was ready for the mattock and the spade. It was supposed that the extreme coldness of the church had quickened his end. We pass much woe and lamentation, to conclude our story.

Barney was the possessor of ten thousand pounds. Had he weakly consulted the wishes of Louisa, they had, doubtless, passed to another bridegroom: he had—he thanked his wisdom—felt his way through the grandfather!

It struck twelve as Barney sought his bridal couch. He had already one leg in bed, when a bright thought arrested him. Taking a candle, he withdrew from the chamber, to seek the room of the dead man. In good time, Barney had recollected the silly vanity of old Fitch, who was went to

carry in his pockets a thousand or two in bank-paper. This might be stolen; he, as heir, should instantly seize the property. As he became fully confirmed in this idea, a current of wind extinguished the candle. For a long time, Barney continued silently to feel his way; but the Fox-and-Goose was an old—old house—with corridor and passages, and winding staircases, and—a shriek was heard, and no more!

A coroner's inquest, that sat next day at the Fox-and-Goose, on the body of a gentleman found at the bottom of the stairs, returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." This was, of course, in default of full evidence, otherwise the verdict would have run—"Died of too much feeling his way." Poor Barney! he had smiled—nay, in his heart had chuckled—when he saw old Fitch seated on a grave! And now, had Barney "felt his way!"

[We have "abridged these chapters from *Blackwood's Magazine*. They teem with grave humour and biting satire. Though some may call them odious pictures of humanity, they are but chapters from the broad history of the world—a fair specimen of the leaven of life—at any period; for, the Palmes reckon their ancestry from the creation. A Domestic Drama of the first order, such as the author of Barnaby's experiences could write, would scarcely be complete or effective without some such character as Barnaby: for example, what would the *Rent-day*, (one of the best of our homely dramas,) be without its old Crumbs?—In Barnaby's brief history, the Wordsworthian maxim is worked out—"the child is father to the man;" from the overreaching boy at law or twelfth cake, to the bridegroom who overtopples himself downstairs. There be thousands of such sleek, sly, suspicious feelers of their way, who are eternally losing themselves in their own darkness.—As our quotation is our praise, we need not point attention to the entire history of Barnaby Palmes, a descendant of Michael Lynx, Cat and Condor, and Company. They are all piquant, clever, characteristic hits, and worthy of *Blackwood*: if they be too true, their young but ripening author may say, with Swift:—

"The only fault is with mankind."]'

NAHOBBS.

THERE was a time, a golden age, when every man who returned from India was a "Nabob;" and a nabob, as all the world knows, was a man of almost unbounded wealth. The very tinge of his complexion was respected as the reflection of mohurs and pagodas. But while his wealth secured to him influence and consideration, there was, nevertheless, something mysterious and questionable about the man. The son of a tradesman, a yeoman, or gentleman of limited fortune, or the result of some indiscretion in a higher circle,—probably the scapegrace of the school, the plague of the parish,—he had been shipped off for India as the most obvious mode of providing for him when there was no longer the smallest hope of his ever doing any good at home. After an absence of some years he returned, rich enough to purchase the properties of half the ruined

squires, whose orchards and poultry-yards had been the scenes of his early depredations. Yet, with all his wealth, the nabob was obviously not a happy man. Valued only for his money, and hated for his success,—too proud to court the society of those to whose level he believed himself to have been raised, and too vain to descend to that of the class from which he sprung,—estranged from all around him by the peculiar habits he had contracted, and haunted by an overweening idea of his own importance, he wandered about sallow and solitary,—spoke an unknown language to dusky, heathen domestics, and was speedily discovered by the gossips of the place to be tormented by "an evil conscience." Crimes, by which his *plum* or two had been acquired, were darkly hinted. Something of dread and awe mingled with the feelings of envy which his elevation had excited, and few had charity enough to find out that his haggard looks, wakeful nights, and gloomy temperament, were but the ordinary effects of a diseased liver.

In proportion as the possessions of the East India Company were extended, the number of their servants was increased, and the facilities for amassing large fortunes diminished. "Nabobs" became more rare; and though men continued to return from India in even greater numbers than before, with the same complexions and the same habits as their predecessors, they no longer brought with them the same riches. At length, the race of the nabobs seemed to be extinct, and the whole class was degraded from the dignity and acquitted of the iniquities which had been associated with that title, receiving in exchange the descriptive appellation of "old Indians." Though they mixed in general society, they were still a separate class. Their discourse was of scenes and transactions with which no one else was familiar—of kingdoms and of princes known only to themselves—of battles, sieges, and conquests which had never figured in the gazettes, or had been read of only to be forgotten. Little was known of the country in which they had resided, and from which they derived their designation and their fortunes, except that it was inhabited by black men, whose gold and jewels, voluptuousness, and effeminacy, had for ages been a proverb. Of their mode of life while in that region, it was concluded that, as they were the conquerors of India, they must have lived in "Asiatic pomp and splendour,"—surrounded by all "the luxuries of the East,"—adorned with precious stones, enveloped in embroidered shawls and glittering brocades, attended by bands of male and female domestics, who ministered to their comforts and their pleasures; that they rode in golden pavilions mounted on elephants, were transported in

luxurious palanquins on the shoulders of their slaves, or reclined on gorgeous couches in stately indolence, shampooed by dark beauties, or fanned to sleep by the menials of their countless trains; while princes and potentates lingered in their outer chambers, and the nobles of the land humbled themselves before them.

At length it was discovered that this picture was somewhat too highly coloured,—that every Englishman in India does not maintain a princely state and fare sumptuously every day,—that though a considerable number of young gentlemen, and some young ladies, besides a few elderly governors, bishops, and judges, are yearly transported to that land of promise, few of them live to come back; and that of the small number who do return with improved fortunes and impaired constitutions, by far the greater part are content to renounce all “the luxuries of the East” for the modified pleasures of drinking the waters of Cheltenham,—congregating at their club in Hanover-square,—or vainly endeavouring, in the remoter places of their nativity, to realize the dreams of happiness in their fatherland which had haunted one and all of them during their exile.—*Quarterly Review.*

Spirit of Discovery.

THE MICROSCOPE.

How many beauties of the minute world would, probably, have been lost to inquiring man but for the invention of this simple instrument! Two centuries since, its surprising powers had scarcely been heard of; and only in our times have they been developed, until its marvels appear illimitable.

The examples we are about to present to the reader, are not among the most extraordinary results of recent microscopic examinations: but, they so beautifully illustrate the minute perfection of the economy of nature, that they will, doubtless, prove interesting and acceptable. They were first published about eight years since, by the late Mr. Thomas Carpenter, optician, of Regent-street, to whose ingenuity we are indebted for the first gigantic, solar and lucernal microscopes; which improvements, though brilliant in themselves, have been comparatively eclipsed by the more recently introduced oxy-hydrogen instrument.

Our first examples familiarly illustrate some of the countless beauties of crystallization. It may be requisite to observe that saltpetre, Glauber's salt, copperas, or any other of the many neutral salts, being dissolved in water, and the water being then allowed slowly to evaporate, re-appears in beautiful, regular crystals, each salt having its own peculiar forms. If the reader will

excuse the homeliness of the reference, he may witness this circumstance in the incrustations on the sides of a pickling-pan, when the brine has been left to evaporate. Yet this occurs only in a perfectly fluid medium, as water, the necessity of which condition is shown by the two annexed cuts. They represent elegant configurations formed in the solution of common salt in viscid media, which prevent it shooting into crystals; these forms varying with the nature of the different vehicles employed. They mostly commence with lines crossing each other, and either at right angles, or at acute and obtuse ones, from which ramification they extend themselves around; some of these lines being straight, and others curved. Thus, in fig. 1, a straight line is seen crossed

Fig. 1.



(Common Salt.)

by a curved, serpentine one, expanding at one end into two other curved ones.

Fig. 2.



(Common Salt.)

is another modification, consisting of two curved lines crossing each other: others assume exquisite branching forms, without the crystals shooting from the lines; of the singular elegance of which, an engraving would convey but a very imperfect idea.

Next is a beautiful provision of nature, as shown in the economy of the *Hemerobius Perla*, a singular insect which not only affixes its eggs to the edges of leaves by threads,

but likewise erects its eggs upon slender stems, distributed over the surface of such leaves as the Aphis, (or Plant-Louse,) had previously laid its eggs upon. This is shown in

Fig. 3.



(Eggs upon a Leaf.)

"The eggs are thus kept out of the reach of the young aphides, which otherwise would destroy them, by means of the piercers attached to their rostrums, before they are hatched, and have attained their larva state. The young aphides, immediately on their exclusion from the eggs, commence feeding upon the juices of the leaf, by the assistance of the tubes and piercers contained within the proboscis with which each is furnished; and, under the microscope, they present the appearance of a flock of sheep feeding upon an extensive plain. Whilst the aphides are thus luxuriating, the larvæ of the hemerobius are excluded from their eggs, and immediately crawl down the slender props upon which they rested, and commence devouring the aphides. In this larva state, these insects are termed Plant Louse Lions, in consequence of their feeding so voraciously upon the aphides; and by thus thinning them, they are doubtless of great service in the general economy of nature. The Hemerobius, when viewed under a microscope, is one of the most splendid objects in nature, and has long been celebrated among microscopic wonders."

Fig. 4 is a magnified representation of the Jaws and Teeth of the Cheese Mite; two of which are larger than the other two. There is also an appendage to each pair of jaws, somewhat resembling a finger in shape, one

(Fig. 4.)

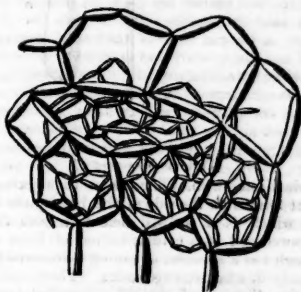


(Jaws of a Cheese-Mite.)

of which is dislocated from the jaws, and is shown closely adjoining it. In other mites have been found two other appendages to their mouths, resembling the small claws of a crab or lobster. The curved jaws would indicate that the action of the two sets of teeth was similar to that of scissors or shears, cutting sideways, similarly to the action of a cow chewing the cud, and not up and down, as in the usual manner of chewing.

Fig. 5, represents a specimen of the *Conferva Reticulata*, an exceedingly rare and beautiful Water-Moss found in a ditch at Lee,

Fig. 5.

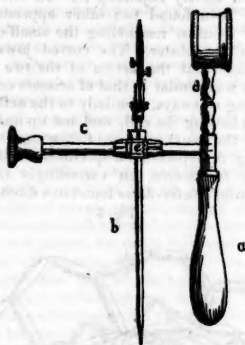


(Water-Moss.)

near Lewisham, Kent. On its being placed in water, in a watch-glass under the microscope, it expanded and exhibited the very curious structure shown in the figure. It is of a green colour, and forms cylindrical masses, in its natural state; but here only a few ramifications are shown. The net-like meshes are varied, consisting of from four to seven sides; and they are of several different sizes, according to the age of the conferva; some are large enough to be distinguished by the naked eye, whilst others require the aid of powerful magnifiers to discern them. This *Conferva*, or moss, is the resort of numerous species of animalcules; and, consequently, is highly useful in affording a great variety of specimens for examination under the microscope.

Microscopes are, generally speaking, costly instruments; but, our economical times have produced a cheap and simple means of encouraging a taste for microscopic investigation. This is in the invention of a microscope which can be carried in the pocket, or with more facility than, (as Sir Humphry Davy suggests,) chemical apparatus may be conveyed in a small travelling trunk. The engraving shows this portable microscope: "it consists of a handle of hard wood *a*, which is screwed into a brass piece *d*, and which has at its top, a ring, with female screws on back and front, into which are to be screwed two cells, with lenses of different foci bur-

Fig. 6.



(Portable Microscope.)

nished into them. There is also a projecting part formed on the side of the brass piece *d*, in which is a screwed hole to receive the screwed end of a cylindrical rod of brass *c*, which has a shoulder adjoining to its screw to steady it, when screwed home. There is also at the other end of the rod *c*, a milled head to turn it by. Upon the rod *c* a springing split socket *e* slides backwards and forwards, and is also capable of being turned round upon the rod in all directions. This socket has affixed to it, on one side, a projecting part, which has a screwed cavity in it, which receives a short screwed tube, having a small hole in its centre, made to fit the steel cylindrical stem of the spring forceps; and a corresponding hole being also made at the bottom of the screwed cavity, above mentioned, a bit of perforated cork is lodged in that said cavity, which being pressed upon by the action of the screw, closes upon the steel stem of the forceps, and acts as a spring serving to steady the forceps, and the objects held in them, in any required situation. The short screwed tube has a slit sawn across its top to receive a turn-screw, by which it can be turned more or less, as required. The stem of the forceps being removed from its place in the short tube; the handles and lenses; and the rod *c*, and the sliding socket upon it, unscrewed from its place in the handle; can all three be then packed in a black paper case with a pull-off top, and which case is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 1 inch broad, and half an inch thick, so as to be exceedingly portable. This microscope possesses three different magnifying powers: viz. those of two lenses separately, and the two in combination; and has every facility for the adjustment of the objects."

New Books.

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC.

[This year's volume is, in every respect, as valuable as either of its predecessors; the same untiring diligence and apt illustration being evident in each of its closely-packed pages. Among the most striking papers is one on the Old Arguments against the Motion of the Earth, a successful attempt to eradicate error and establish truth. Next is a paper suggesting the establishment of a Medical Police, with a few of the subjects on which a state physician might report, as in the adulteration of provisions; from this document we extract a few paragraphs:—]

Fish is generally allowed to be more intolerable when tainted than any other food; yet even here habit has sometimes got the better of natural instinct, and the Esquimaux epicure likes stale fish as he of London does stale game. In addition to the dangers arising from the commencement of putrefaction in fish, it is clear that many fish become unwholesome and even poisonous at certain seasons; and it has often been a subject of scientific inquiry to determine when and why this is the case, especially with regard to mussels. Beck says that the oyster, lobster, crab, and mackerel of the New York market have each occasionally produced poisonous effects, though he knows of no case of death from them. The London market is sometimes supplied with unwholesome salmon in large quantities.

Bread is unfortunately but too well known to be adulterated, and in London is perhaps rarely met with in a state of purity. The most usual admixture seems to be that of spoiled flour, pulse, and potatoes, though alum and other drugs no doubt enter into the compound. One of the most remarkable differences between London and genuine bread is the extreme rapidity with which the former dries up. It is true that at some first-rate shops the bread is tolerable and even good; but we require that the poor and the incautious should be protected. Much might be done for this purpose by an examination of ordinary London bread by a scientific man invested with official authority, who should publish the results, and the details by which he arrived at them.

Many other subjects of inquiry in this division might deserve a lengthened discussion; but we must content ourselves with giving merely what would be the heads of sections in an elaborate treatise, and pass over all the details. Thus an inspector might report on the state in which vegetables are brought to market; the fermentation which takes place when they are heaped together in baskets; the qualities of mushrooms; the manufacture of fictitious pepper-dust; and

the rotten eggs and cheese and rancid butter with which the London market is so plentifully stocked.

Beer.—The medical jurist, says Christison, should make himself well acquainted with the external characters of *Cocculus Indicus*, "because, besides being occasionally used in medicine, it is a familiar poison for destroying fish, and has also been extensively used by brewers as a substitute for hops—an adulteration which is prohibited in Britain by severe statutes." (*On Poisons*, p. 649.) The learned author does not, however, state any chemical test by which the presence of *Cocculus Indicus* can be detected; and the existence of this and other pernicious drugs in our London porter can, we fear, be known only by the head-ache and dyspepsia which they cause. The Monthyon prize is bestowed at Paris annually upon him who discovers a method of making some trade less insalubrious—would it not be well to found a similar prize to be the reward of him who, by the discovery of a test, shall render some adulteration less facile? When we speak of the *cephalalgic* powers of London porter, we understand the liquor as it comes from the publican, for the brewers' porter is very good. Those who know the largeness of retail profit, will understand the force of the argument, when we inform them that porter is nominally cheaper when bought by the pint from the publican, than when obtained by the eighteen-gallon cask from the brewer.

Publication of Hygienic Precepts.—A physician, whose merits were equalled by his fame, and whose high official station lent authority to his advice, might do the state some service by the publication of hygienic precepts addressed to different classes of the community. He might teach the legislature those points of medical police where law can do much; as in the regulation of mad-houses, the prohibition of interments in town, the diminution of the hours of labour in manufactories, the establishment of public baths and gardens in large towns. Each division of the working classes might possess an essay especially directed to its wants or dangers;* and a more comprehensive treatise might contain such advice as comes home to every man's bosom. It is surprising how many persons do not know, for example, that a bed-room should have a chimney, that it is unwholesome if it contains living plants, and dangerous if newly painted.

While this paper was printing, the writer was consulted concerning the wholesomeness of a stew prepared in a brass saucepan. A green band lined the interior of the vessel, so strongly impregnated with the well-known taste of carbonate of copper, to leave no doubt either as to the cause of the colour, or as to

the unwholesomeness of the food. We mention the fact simply to show that a knowledge of the danger arising from copper saucepans is not so generally diffused as might have been supposed; for the case occurred in the family of an intelligent tradesman. The stew contained lemon juice, which, though not acting on copper, when in a state of ebullition, corrodes it when at rest, as Dr. Christison has remarked in the following passage:—"Nay, it appears that some acid matters, though they do not dissolve clean copper by being merely boiled in it a few minutes, nevertheless, if allowed to cool and stand some time in it, will acquire a sensible impregnation. Dr. Falconer also observed, that syrup of lemons boiled fifteen minutes in copper or brass pans did not acquire a sensible impregnation: but if it was allowed to cool, and remain in the pans for twenty-four hours, the impregnation was perceptible even to the taste, and was discovered by the test of metallic iron. This fact has been further confirmed by the researches of Proust, who states that, in preparing food or preserves in copper, it is not till the fluid ceases to cover the metal, and is reduced in temperature, that the solution of the metal begins." (*Christison on Poisons*, p. 339.)

It is in vain to hope that cooks will attend to the chemical refinements by which copper stewpans may be rendered innocuous, and we therefore join in the general advice given by prudent physicians against their use at all.

[A paper on the State of Crime in the United Kingdom is full of appalling details, with preventives and remedies. Next is a gratifying report on the working of the Act for the Abolition of Slavery: a few pages onward is the following interesting]

Necrological Table of Literary Men, Artists, and Public Characters.

1834, Oct. 3.	Adrian Boieldieu, musical composer	aged 58
23.	Hon. W. R. Spencer, (poetry)	65
Nov. 15.	J. Heath, engraver	78
21.	Olivia Serres (soi-disant princess of Cumberland)	63
26.	T. Park, Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, &c.	75
Dec. 6.	Rev. E. Irving, celebrated Preacher	42
10.	A. Chalmers, editor of the British Poets, Biographical Dictionary, &c.	75
17.	Henry Bone, R. A., enamel-painter	79
22.	Prince Hoare, dramatic writer, &c.	79
27.	Charles Lamb, "Essays by Elia," &c.	60
29.	Rev. T. R. Malthus, "Political Economy," &c.	68

* The late Dr. Percival, we believe, wrote something of the kind for the use of house-painters.

1835, Jan. 1. Durand, French architect,
"Parallèle des Edifices"

10. Dr. Karl Wilh. Kolbe,
German Writer and
artist

18. F. W. Smith, sculptor . .

21. Uhden, German antiquary

Feb. 8. Baron Dupuytren, French
anatomist

12. Chr. G. Crelle, Prussian
architect

21. Godescharles, Belgian
sculptor

* Lafont, historical painter

* Roman, French sculptor

* Alexander Dufour, French
architect

Mar. 20. H. D. Inglis (Derwent
Conway) Travels

20. Leopold Robert, French
painter (suicide)

April 4. Pinelli, artist, "Roman
Costumes," &c

4. H. Parke, architect . . .

5. Dr. F. H. Muller, Direc. of
Gal. at Darmstadt, artist

7. Baron Wilhelm Humboldt,

17. Professor Martos (the Rus-
sian Canova) sculptor, . . .

26. Captain Henry Kater, Sci-
entific Discoveries

* W. H. Ireland (Shak-
speare Ireland)

May 9. W. Blanchard, comedian,

13. John Nash, architect . .

16. Felicia Hemans, poetess

* T. J. Mathias, author of
"Pursuits of Literature"

June 18. W. Cobbett, political
writer

27. C. Mathews, comedian . .

* Garavaglia, eminent Italian
engraver

* Romagnosi, Italian writer
on Legis. and Jurisp.

* Baron Gros, eminent
French historical painter
(suicide)

28. Marshal Mortier, Duc de
Treviso

29. M. T. Sadler, Political
Economy, &c.

Aug. 4. C. Wild, architectural
draftsman

5. G. S. Newton, R.A. painter,

24. I. Pocock, dramatic writer

24. W. Say, mezzotinto en-
graver

30. F. Goodwin, architect . .

Sept. 14. Dr. Brinkley, Bp. of Cloyne

23. Bellini, musical composer

* Pigault Le Brun, French
novelist

Oct. 4. Don Telesforo de Trueba
y Cosio, English novelist

23. Thomas Heaphy, painter
Nov. 1. T. Taylor, translator of
Pausanias, Plato, &c.

17. Lieut.-Colonel James Tod,
"Annals of Rajpootana" 53

21. J. Hogg, the "Ettrick
Shepherd" 59

22. Lætitia Matilda Hawkins,
authoress 77

* The asterisk signifies that the precise
day is not known.

[The remainder of the *Companion* is occu-
pied by Parliamentary Abstracts, Documents,
and Chronicles; the Public Improvements,
and a Chronology of the Year. From the
Parliamentary Returns we quote the fol-
lowing:—]

British Museum.—The number of persons
admitted to view the British Museum from
1829 to 1834, inclusive, has been as follows:

1829	1830	1831	1832	1833	1834
68,101	71,336	99,912	147,896	210,495	237,366

Number of visits paid to the reading-room
for the purposes of study or research:—

1810	1815	1820	1825	1830
1,950	4,300	8,820	22,800	31,200

1831	1832	1833	1834
38,200	46,800	58,800	70,266

Visits by artists and students to the galleries
of sculpture:—

1831	1832	1833	1834
4,938	4,740	4,490	5,645

Visits to the print-room:—

1832	1833	1834
4,400	2,900	2,204

Receipts and expenses for 1834:—

	£.	s.	d.
Receipts	18,825	4	9½
Expenses	18,677	1	6
Surplus in hand	248	3	3½
Estimated expense for 1835,	17,796	0	0

[This glance at the present year's *Compa-
nion* will, we trust, be sufficient to denote
there is no falling off in the variety, interest,
and permanent value of this important An-
nual.]

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

(Concluded from page 31.)

[OUR last extract is from the chapter—
The Close of the Chase,

on October 8, 1354, when Rienzi falls a
victim to the vengeance of the people. A
faithful messenger having apprized him of
the rising of the populace, he hastened to the
Tiber side, where the boat and his band
awaited him.]

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted
was that from which he had been accustomed
to address the people—it communicated with
a vast hall used on solemn occasions for

state festivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury.

The windows of the hall were yet open—and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony—the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there—the wine yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits, that which he himself had worn when nearly eight years ago he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall, the great gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of—the senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath: "Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!"—"Mora 'l traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora!" Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the senator! They broke over the low palisades of the capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space;—a moment before so desolate,—now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi—his face was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame—a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the gonfalon, wrought with the republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not; hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio, (a lusty smith, a fine specimen of a liberal.)

"Hear him not; down with the tyrant!" cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not; death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from

the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—"Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and, doubtless,*" says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—"Way for the torches!" Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down;—and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that besit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved,—but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough," he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very desert of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to

him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape;—he left the hall—passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials—found in one of them a coarse working garb—indued himself with it—placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*,"—"When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled—the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude—the proud capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall!—Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold;—he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the by-standers, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—"Suso suso a gliu traditore!" The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not—where goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"I am the senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the representative of the people?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along—the senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal!" muttered Villani, "thus the trust is fulfilled!" and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion; the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd,

"Fool, miserable fool! thou and these at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!"

They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for, as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth,—the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him.

Manners and Customs.

THE OVABS OF MADAGASCAR.

By Captain Locke Lewis, R. E.*

[This paper will be read with peculiar interest in connexion with the outline of the History of Madagascar, in vol. xxii. of the *Mirror*.]

Ovah is the smallest province in the island of Madagascar. It is supposed to take its name from Oove (Eve), the natives believing themselves to be the original inhabitants; but it also bears the name of Ancove, which means distant, being situated 300 miles from Tamatave, and 160 miles from the nearest coast. Its capital, where Radama resided, is called Thanan-arive, which signifies a thousand villages, or lands—from tanaan, village or land, and arive, a thousand. It is situated in lat. 18° 56' S., long. about 47° E., at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; and in 1817 contained 8,000 inhabitants.

The Ovabs are in height rather above the European standard, portly in their person, of shades of colour from deep black to copper (the latter colour, however, being most prevalent), and good nature is imprinted on their countenances. They are clothed only in an upper and lower garment, the *saimbou* and *seddick*; the former being a sort of robe, with which they partially envelope the body, wearing it in the manner of a scarf—the men throwing one end over the left shoulder, to give freedom to the right arm, whilst the women throw it over the right; the *seddick*, or under garment, is called also *langouti*. They delight in the simplicity of their dress, and the ease with which they can disencumber themselves of it. They generally carry in the right hand a *zazaie*, that is, a lance of about six feet in length, of polished wood and very straight, terminated by a javelin blade,

* Read before the Geographical Society May 25, 1835; and abridged from their Journal.

and shod with iron; and they are particularly fond of decorating their persons with silver and glass bracelets and rings, and with amulets or charms, especially the teeth of the caiman, a species of crocodile found in the rivers. Some wear plain, and others ornamental, head-dresses. A few of the chiefs carry the atze or battle-axe, and some of them are provided with shields.

Their dwellings are generally small, that is, about five feet high to the wall-plate, fifteen feet long, and twelve feet wide. The framework is of round timber, easily selected for the purpose, and thatched with the zouzoura, which is the papyrus or paper-plant of the ancients, or with a reed called hayrana.

The villages are generally built on small eminences in the neighbourhood of good water, and contain from a small number to sixteen hundred houses. They are guarded against hostile invasions by having one, two, or three ditches surrounding them, as well as by being inclosed by a stockade fence. Each family occupies a separate building; and their household furniture consists of some baskets, a cushion on which to sit, a mat to lie down on, with a matted bolster for a pillow, cooking vessels made of potter's clay which the soil produces, a felling axe, wooden pestle and mortar for taking the husks off the rice, a winnower, and a loom for making cloth.

The other tribes consider the Ovahs as a powerful and industrious people, and look up to them as superior, from the knowledge they possess of manufacturing silken and cotton saimbous and seddicks, the forging of iron, and applying it to different purposes, from the blade of the zazaie, or lance, down to a needle, and the making of silver and gold chains, balances, and other articles wherein great ingenuity is displayed.

Their language is written in the Arabic character. Dremundersheman, the king's scribe, wrote me out the alphabet they make use of; and a person, who had studied the languages of the East, stated that the characters agree with most of the orthographical signs commonly used in the Persian or Hindoostanee language. Sir William Jones is of opinion, that from the three roots, the Hindoo, Hebrew, and Tartarian, may be traced all the languages of the world.

It is no easy matter to determine whether the Ovah people be of Indian, Arabian, or Tartar origin; but there is reason to suppose that, through the medium of trade, the province of Ovah became peopled from India; for Castaneda states, that Vasco de Gama touching at Melinda, in April, 1498, found there four merchant ships from Cambaya of the East Indies, and describes the traders "as people of a brown colour, good stature, and well proportioned: the hair of their heads long like women's and plaited and

having turbans." This description agrees well with that of the Ovahs. In 1817, as I passed through Radama's encampment, I observed a female taking great pains in plaiting a man's hair, and I was told that this was a regular custom among them; indeed, all those around us had their hair plaited in a similar manner, which uniformity, and the Ovahs being about the same height, had a curious and striking effect.

Respecting the intercourse between the province of Ovah and the coast, there are no roads, the paths are very bad, and in some places where they pass over swamps are even dangerous. In the mountainous parts the streams, too, are rapid, and rendered difficult by the many large stones and stumps in their beds; in some places, indeed, they are only to be crossed by means of trees felled to facilitate the passage. I had an opportunity of observing the ingenuity of the Ovahs in constructing a floating-bridge. It was very simply done. A short spar of moderate thickness was placed in the rear of two shrubs, so that each might act as a prop to the end of it; a twisted cable formed of creepers was fixed to the centre of the spar, this cable was taken to the opposite bank by an Ovah, who swam across the stream and fastened it to a spar placed in a similar manner on the other side. This operation was repeated for a second cable to mark out the breadth of the intended bridge, and these cables when tightened were made to appear a little above the surface of the water. Having advanced thus far, they proceeded to make fascines of the paper plant and underwood near at hand, of a length to occupy the breadth between the two cables; and placing them abreast of each other so as to form a layer—they fastened and united the whole by means of long plaits of the creeper *Convolvulus Madagascariensis*. In like manner they formed the next layer, and so on till they had completed the bridge; by which 20,000 natives passed to the opposite bank, a distance of 120 feet.

The commerce of the capital, or Thanaan-arive, is chiefly carried on by means of a river called Betsibooka. Boats are able to proceed 160 miles up, to a place called Mahatsara, where two other rivers fall in, in lat. 17° 33' S.; thence the trader has only a distance of about eighty-five miles to travel overland to the capital. From Majunga, as you proceed by the Betsibooka towards Thanaan-arive, for sixty miles, the country, being morassy, is well adapted for the culture of rice. Forty miles on, as the land becomes more elevated, the rafia-tree (*Sagrus rafia*) is found in great abundance; thence for seventy miles a barren country intervenes; and the remaining distance of seventy-five miles to the capital affords large quantities of rice, sugar-cane, and cotton.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Ancestral Pride.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duc de C—, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C— family!"

It is very singular that the English historians, (the modern,) should have made so little use of French authorities, especially for the histories of the early Plantagenets, all of whom, down to Henry III., resided almost entirely in France. Very little is given of the locography of the first of these princes, our good Henry II. and his four sons, and that little is partly false. There is much curious and interesting matter respecting them in the early French writers—much to disprove the English accounts of these princes by the authors of the day, and to throw light upon their real character, so disfigured by the monks and ecclesiastics.—*Paris Advert.*

Napoleon.—The objects of art in the cabinet of the late Baron Gros are sought after with avidity, by amateurs as well as artists. The sketch of the Plague at Jaffa attained the price of 8,000 francs. The hat which Napoleon wore at the battle of Eylau was sold, or rather given away, for 1,000 francs! —*Paris Advertiser.*

Weight of Gases.—One pint of common air weighs about nine grains; hydrogen is fifteen times lighter; chlorine more than twice as heavy; and hydriodic acid gas is more than four times as heavy.—*Davy's Guide to Chemistry.*

Tories and Whigs.—I think poets are Tories by nature, supposing them to be by nature poets. The love of an individual person or family, that has worn a crown for many successions, is an inclination greatly adapted to the fanciful tribe. On the other hand, mathematicians, abstract reasoners, of no manner of attachment to persons, at least, to the visible part of them, but prodigiously devoted to the ideas of liberty, virtue, and so forth, are generally Whigs.—*Shenstone, 1746.*

Lebanon.—The height of Mount Lebanon is said to be 9,535 feet above the level of the sea, which, although 1,400 feet lower than Mount Etna, is more than twice the height of Ben Nevis, (4,370,) the most elevated point in the British dominions.—*Dr. Hogg.*

Noisy Population.—The Maltese are noted for raising their dissonant voices to the highest pitch, as well in conversation with each other, as in crying the various articles they vend in the streets.

Racing.—In the days of Garrick, a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury-lane Theatre; Mr. Sanders, the principal machinist, kept race-horses. He one day came into the prompter's room while he was engaged writing, uttering exclamations against his jockey, who had just lost a race. Cross, vexed at the interruption, said, impatiently, "His fault, his fault! how was it his fault?"—"Why," said Sanders, "the rascal run my horse against a wagon."—"I never knew a horse of yours," replied Cross, "that was fit to run against anything else."

The dress of the Maltese women is peculiarly sombre: it consists of a black silk skirt with white or coloured sleeves, while over the head is thrown a black mantilla, or scarf, likewise of silk, plaited in the centre into a sort of hood, with the two ends meeting before, and nearly touching the ground.

In Syria, plates are not used in serving dinner, but the pillauf, (rice and mutton:) is eaten off thin cakes, fresh from the oven, which are laid in a circle on the matted floor.

Duelling.—I hold it much more reasonable, pardonable, and natural, to eat a man, than to kill him in obedience to fashion.—*J. A. St. John.*

Friendship—by Sir W. Scott.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.—*Marmion.*

Madagascar.—A traffic in bullocks is now carried on between Madagascar and the Isle of France. These cattle are procured from the natives in exchange for cotton cloths, and other European articles; the cloths, however, being the principal barter. Four or five dollars' worth of cloth is given for a bullock, which, at the Isle of France, will sell for thirty. The natives of Madagascar have very few articles of manufacture, principally baskets very neatly made of grass, and grass-cloths, upon which sugar is dried; these articles are exported to the Isle of France, and some of them are so finely worked as to be worn as dresses by the chieftains.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

Next week, the Description of this magnificent mansion will be completed, with an elaborate Engraving of the Great Hall, the details of the principal Apartments, &c.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.